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Hilton del. Heywood Sc.

See the fond Mother still and still admire
Her Babe, in arms expert that never tire. P. 35.

Published by Henry Colburn, Conduit Street, May 1818.

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W O M A N,

A POEM,

BY

EATON STANNARD BARRETT, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE HEROINE.

Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee.
Love her, and she shall keep thee.
Exalt her, and she shall promote thee.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN, CONDUIT STREET.
1819.

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Printed by Cox and Baylis,
Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

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PREFACE.

NOT at the 'request of friends,' but contrary to their opinion, I published, some years since, a work under the same title, and upon the same subject as the present. It met with no success; the critics abused it, and I

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thought myself ‘ a man more sinned ‘ against than sinning.’ But when, after a considerable interval, I happened to look over it again, I felt fully conscious that its reception had not been undeserved. I found it obscure, affected, and replete with all those errors which arise from an unformed and ambitious style. This was a woful discovery for one who had bestowed unsparing pains on his favorite performance, and who could

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no longer console himself with the hope, that posterity would vindicate his cause.

But at least the discovery contained a moral. It shewed that we should listen with deference to those critics, whose judgment differs from our own; since even our own, in process of time, may differ from itself.

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Provoked at my bad success, stimulated by the peculiar happiness of the subject, and hoping that I might afterwards avoid such faults as I had already detected, I determined to rewrite the poem.

In accomplishing this task, I have found so much omission, alteration, and new matter necessary, that the work, as it now stands, may fairly be considered original.

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At the same time, several of the sentiments are not unknown to the reader. An ethical essay on so familiar a subject as Woman, required, for the completion of the plan, many fundamental maxims and particular observations, which had already been generally promulged and established.

A few lines are likewise borrowed from poems which I had written on ephemeral occasions. In this auto-

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plagiarism, I can quote a Virgil and a Byron for authority. The former, in his Georgics, has copied many lines out of his Eclogues; and the latter, in the Childe Harold, has versified a whole note from the Bride of Abydos.

It is somewhat singular, that the Fair Sex, who have already occasioned so many dissertations in English prose, should never yet have found a profest champion in the more congenial field

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of English Poetry. No subject affords a finer scope to the didactic and descriptive muse—sentiment, pathos, rural and domestic scenery, every tender passion and every gentle virtue. Perhaps an author might find even its excellence a disadvantage; since this would naturally raise expectations in the reader, which few pens could fulfil.

I shall not, with anticipating stoicism, affect indifference about a se-

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cond failure. I will even own, that only just to surpass my first attempt, would afford me little consolation; since none can entertain a more despicable opinion of it, than I do.

But whether the present production be exempt even from the faults of its predecessor; whether it have not other blemishes just as fatal, and in fine, whether it deserve public notice at all, I feel intimately, by past experience,

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the presumption of forming a judgment myself. Indeed, I had made so false an estimate before, that I am almost afraid to hope any thing now; and I can conscientiously declare, that my chief feelings on the subject, are doubt and apprehension.

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WOMAN.

PART I.

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CONTENTS OF PART I.

ELEGIAC tribute to the Princess CHARLOTTE....Woman has acquired rank and respect, in proportion to the progress of refinement and piety....The Libertine, the Clown, the Pedant, the Witling and the Deist still despise her....The pursuits and characteristics of each sex contradistinguished ....The discrepancy between both beneficial.... Women excel us, 1st. in Devotion; 2d. in Chastity; 3d. in Modesty; 4th. in Charity; 5th. in Good Faith; 6th. in Forgiveness; 7th. in Parental affection.... Episode of a mother and her child....Women have often excelled as sovereigns; they rule the destinies of empires, by presiding over national morality.

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WOMAN.

PART I.

O UNFOREWARNED events of humankind!

Hopes still presumptuous, projects ever blind!

I, who with wild and dreadless rapture fraught,

This votive page had just for CHARLOTTE wrought;

Had wrought, prospective of the happy doom,

That her blue glances might the leaf illume;

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That lips, whose breath an empire would obey,
Pleased might submit their movement to my lay ;—
I, who was sketching ardent, even but now,
Young Contemplation throned upon her brow ;
Grace, Wisdom, Truth, a genius unexcelled,
A crown in prospect, hearts already held ;—
Who paused to call her mother, to compare
Poetic vigil with maternal care ;
Touch the new passion, and her soul incline,
As heaven her offspring saved, to foster mine—
I, disentranced, must all expunge, and rue
How treachrous Death has made my verse untrue.
Even while I sang, cold lay th'imperial bust,
Those azure rays extinct, that forehead dust ;

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Dark and unsphered that intellectual sky,
And that new passion wakened but to die.
Yet shall not Death the total page disprove;
No, still one conscious truth remains—our love!
Beyond the sun, O REGENT, distant far
Above, as thou beneath the utmost star;
Orbed in a glory, that resplendent plays
Thro' her flowered tresses, coronets of rays,
Thy daughter sits enthroned; and leaning down,
Smiles at that golden woe, an earthly crown.
To her, pomp, conquest, all which kings acquire,
But garland worms, emblazon breathing mire;
And more she mourns, (as Seraphs suffer cares,)
The sceptred torment that her father heirs,

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Than he the darling child for ever flown,
And the lost transmit of his lineal throne.
Unprofitable praises! frustrate tears!
Deaf is the grave; go, flatter conscious ears.
And shall this leaf, forgetful of the dead,
Invoke the living? Perish, Verse, instead!
No, tho' an empress, proud of such renown,
Should grave the song on her immortal crown

In early days, ere nations were refined,
Imperious man degraded Womankind;
But raised her by degrees, as social good,
And moral law were better understood.

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Till, when the holy son of Woman came,
And Eve's offence was lost in Mary's fame,
Man, virtuous and devout beyond the past,
Restored his helpmate to her sphere at last;
And shunning either indiscreet extreme,
Now leaves her not opprest and not supreme.

Yet even our own enlightened time retains
Some partial tincture of the former stains.
Pale Libertines, whom wanton arts allure,
Still by the vicious female judge the pure.
Companion of his groom, the Clown confounds
Subservient Woman with his horse and hounds;
And Pedants, who from books, not nature, draw,
Try and attaint her by scholastic law.

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Wits, for an epigram, her fame undo,
And those who God blaspheme, mock Woman too.
All such conclude her of inferior clay,
Because she wants some merits men display.
As well they may condemn the chilly moon,
Because her crescent cannot glow, like noon.
For if that orb, whose affluent dew bestows
Balm on the glebe, another sun arose,
This flowery ball would wither, stagnant gales
Engender death, and midnight scorch the vales.
Even thus, if Woman public glories sought,
Spread the tempestuous sail, harangued and fought,
That inroad loveless rivalries would breed,
And sexual war to national succeed;

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While other Amazons would dwell alone,
And gird the single breast with iron zone.
No, heaven a contrast not unmeet, designed
Between the bearded and the blushing kind.
Man, from those moments, when his infant age
Cried for the moon, ambitious aims engage.
One world subdued, more worlds he wishes given,
He piles his impious tower to clamber heaven;
Scoops cities under earth, erects his home,
On mountains of wild surges, vales of foam;
Soars air, and high above the thunder runs,
Now flaked with sleet, now reddened under suns.
Even in his pastime man his soul reveals;
Raised with carousing shout, his goblet reels.

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Now from his chase imperial lions fly,

And now he stakes a princedom on a die.

What would he more? The consecrated game

Of murder, must transmit his epic name.

Some empire tempts him; at his stern command,

An armed cloud hails iron o'er the land.

Earth thunders underneath the pondrous tread,

Son slaughters sire, the dying stab the dead.

The vallies roar, that loved a warbling mood,

Their mutilated lilies float on blood;

And corpses sicken streams, and towns expire,

And colour the nocturnal clouds with fire.

Last, vultures pounce upon the finished strife,

And dabble in the plash of human life.

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Man covets Freedom; yes, with wolfish ken,
The lawless freedom of the howling den.
Man covets Peace too; yes, the stilly void,
The dire repose when all things are destroyed;
The peace that worlds in desolation wear,
The calm of death, the silence of despair.
But the meek female far from war removes,
Girt with the Graces and endearing Loves.
To rear the life we destine to destroy,
To bind the wound we plant, is her employ.
Her rapine is to press from healing bud,
Or healthful herb, the vegetable blood;
Her answer, at the martial blast abhorred,
Harmonic noise along the warbling chord.

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To her belong light roundelay and reel,
To her the crackling hearth and humming wheel;
(Sounds of content!) to her the milky kine,
And Peace, O Woman, gentle Peace is thine.
Hence in each sex, for each peculiar sphere,
Adapted attributes of mind inhere.
Prone o'er abstruse research, let man expound
Dark causes; what abyss our planet drowned;
And where the fiery star its hundred years
Of absence travels, ere it re-appears.
To Woman, whose best books are human hearts,
Wise heaven a genius less profound imparts.
His awful, her's is lovely; his should tell
How thunderbolts, and her's how roses fell.

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Her rapid mind decides while his debates,
She feels a truth that he but calculates.
He provident, averts approaching ill,
She snatches present good with timely skill.
That active perseverance his, which gains,
And her's that passive patience which sustains.
Winds shatter oaks while osiers wave secure,
Seas waste the rock while yielding sands endure;
And gentle Woman, to her fate resigned,
Prevails o'er woes that vanquish stern mankind.
But even their forms imply their diverse ends,
And her's to grace and his to grandeur tends.
Their very virtues have a sexual line,
And his abroad and her's at home incline.

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His, like a sounding river, good diffuse,
While her's are noiseless as the genial dews.
Yes, 'tis this contrast of pursuits and minds,
Attracts, endears, and social order binds.
For what one wants since other can bestow,
Kind treaties from that blest dependence flow.
Hill cannot hill, nor valley valley serve,
But each aids each, because their natures swerve.
Hence to his valiant arm her terrors fly,
Hence to her nursing hand his wounds apply.
If she, then, all his attributes enjoyed,
Ten thousand of her own were thus destroyed.
But dost thou doubt the blooming race assigned
More goodness and less guilt than pale mankind?

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Go, in base cell, in pious temple look:
We have the fetter, they the sacred book.
What blesses hearths, what tempers social life?
The chaste reserve of virgin and of wife.
Let Woman, like her sensual master, roam,
Farewell all kindred bonds, all joys of home.
To guard that Virtue, to supply the place
Of courage, wanting in her gentle race,
Lo, Modesty was given; mysterious spell,
Whose blush can shame, whose panic can repel.
Strong by the very weakness it betrays,
It sheds a mist before our fiery gaze.
The panting apprehension, quick to feel,
The shrinking grace that fain would grace conceal;

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The beautiful rebuke that looks surprise,

The gentle vengeance of averted eyes;

These are its arms, and these supreme prevail.

Love pauses, Vice retracts his glozing tale.

Ask the grey pilgrim, by the surges cast

On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast,

Ask who revived him? who the hearth began

To kindle? who with spilling goblet ran?

O he will dart one spark of youthful flame,

And clasp his withered hands, and Woman name!

Not she denied her God with recreant tongue,

Not she with traitrous kisses round him clung;

She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,

Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.

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Whelm her with wrongs, your plighted vow repeal,
Asperse her, spurn her; then repent and kneel—
This expiates error, this her pity moves;
For pardon is the vengeance Woman loves.

See the fond mother still and still admire
Her babe, in arms expert that never tire;
And chirping for its upward kiss, delay,
With a sweet dotage, o'er the balmy play.
Then stories of its wondrous promise tell,
Interpret signs which she alone can spell:
Or point some charm remarked by her alone—
The father's eye, the dimple like her own;
While its small hand into her bosom steals,
And that remembered blessing half reveals.

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Praise not herself; 'tis ineffectual art:
Admire her Cherub and you win her heart.
Hung round with climbing prattlers, she disowns
Superior pomp, nor envies man his thrones;
Assiduous still to teach her infant race,
From their first lesson, the maternal face;
Till lips at coming kisses learn to close;
And either palm the clap of welcome knows;
Till the pruned ringlet turns less sunny fair,
The tongue attempts and little feet go bare.
Let maids th' incomparable passion boast,
But mothers, sure, of all who love, love most.
Even she that shrinks at insects, would contend
With famished wolves, her children to defend:

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For them whole marshalled horrors would defy,
Endure, repel, encounter, conquer, die!
When the great earthquake pondrous rocks uptore,
And heaved new hills where meadows spread before;
In huge abysses when whole towns were lost,
And forests upon earthen billows tost;
A lonely mother, as she gave her boy
The fountain panting with maternal joy,
Felt sudden the portentous shock. Dismayed,
She clasped her child, and instant flight essayed.
But heaping ruins round her interpose,
Exclude the light and every outlet close;
Nor comes that aid her buried voice demands,
And the fallen pile derides her toiling hands.

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All night she watches, and in fancy hears
Sounds of advancing axes at her ears.
Another and another night she mourns;
Another and another shock returns.
Worse ills succeed; the breast with famine dry,
The lips still baffled there, the starving cry,
What wilt thou now, poor mother? Ah, what art
Can save thy wretched child about to part?
Each moment, at a gleaming chink, she tries
To search its features, whether yet it dies.
Now shrieks 'Help, help!' still, fainter by degrees,
'Help, help!' and calls her spouse beyond the seas.
Now with impetuous palm the door assails,
Now grinds the scrambled wall with bleeding nails.

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Then seeks her infant at its piteous noise,
And forces mirth and in distraction toys;
And powerless, sports it on her striving knee,
And lamentably sobs out notes of glee.
Vain efforts! Sad it lies and unconsoled:
She feels its heart, 'tis turning icy cold,
'Ah, sweet, ah, cruel! breathe, in pity move;
'Here, here is milk—awake, my precious love!'
That moment, the convulsed and reeling walls
Split to their base; abrupt a fragment falls.
The sun darts inward with his glorious ray,
The verdant fields appear—away, away!
Swift thro' the chasm she rushes, soon restores
Her starving infant, and her God adores.

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O Woman, whose great Author bade the worst
Of all things earthly, be created first;
O Woman, last and best of all create,
Not formed from dust, as thy presumptuous mate;
But born beside his heart, thou toilest still,
To soothe thy birthplace and preserve from ill.
Still by thy birthplace whether loved or spurned,
Still to thy moody birthplace art thou turned.
The stream that hastes where'er its ocean dwells,
The wave that presses tho' the rock repels.
Mistrustful of each other, men, in thee,
A friend who never proves a rival, see.
The maimed, the wrinkled, the decayed, the blind,
All, save the blooming lover, own thee kind.

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And as blest rainbows the meridian shun,
But grace the rising and departing sun;
So at our prime, thy courtship disappears,
So tends our earliest age and latest years.

Yet deeds still loftier might adorn my tome:—
How Woman oft forsook small-sceptred home;
Held realms, and prompt in enterprise to dare,
Bruised with the plumy steel her armed hair;
Or peaceful, ministered the state so well,
That laws seemed made to counsel, not compel.
Fair hands enhance free sceptres. Iron crowns
Sit best on bearded heads and kingly frowns.
Such govern states who social duties guide:
Hence Women with the hearth the throne decide;

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And hence, to their blest influence, England owes
Each Virtue that preserves her safe from foes;
Faith, Honor, Sanctitude, Content sincere,
And homefelt Love that renders Country dear.
Hence, when the Corsic foe whole worlds enchained,
Triumphant warfare single she maintained;
Stood unappalled and awful to the last,
While all the crouching nations shrank aghast.
Not more composed, (when whirlwinds howl along,
And cowering birds within the forest throng,)
The royal Eagle from his craggy throne,
Mounts on the storm, majestic and alone;
And steers his plumes athwart the dark profound,
While roaring thunders replicate around!

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WOMAN.

PART II.

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BESIDE those qualities already enumerated, Women possess various arts and attractions which add to their ascendancy. 1st. Gentleness of look, tone, and deportment; 2d. Grace; 3d. Urbanity; 4th. Conversational powers; 5th. Beauty.... Moral influence of Beauty.... A lovely girl described.... Seduction how detestable.... Episode of Caroline.

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WOMAN.

PART II.

'TIS by those lovely Virtues Woman sways:
Man knows them precious, and discreet repays.
But other charms, which man must disavow,
Confirm her influence. These I number now.
With amiable defects of nature born,
Wants that endear and foibles that adorn,

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She by reserve and awful meekness reigns;
Her sighs are edicts, her caresses chains.
Why has she tones with speaking music strung?
Eyes eloquent beyond the mortal tongue?
And looks that vanquish, till, on nerveless knee,
Men gaze, and grow with gazing, weak as she?
'Tis to command these arts against our arms,
And tame imperious might with winning charms.
Tears and ye blushes! by what organs wrought,
Ye go your journies, little recks my thought:
But to soft Womankind, I feel, ye bring
More aid than bannered armies to their king.
Shew me the man whose ire is unallayed,
While low before him weeps a suppliant maid,

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And I will shew you, underneath the stream,
The thunder burning with unblunted gleam.
But can all earth excel that crimson grace,
When her heart sends its herald to her face?
Sends from its ark its own unblemished dove
A messenger of truth, and joy, and love
Her blush can man to modest passion fire,
Her blush can awe his arrogant desire.
Her blush can welcome lovers or can warn,
As ruddy skies announce both night and morn.
Nor pass unsung those subtle troops, who wield
Light weapons, yet not harmless in the field.
Grace, with her flying outline ever new:
The kind address that seems selecting you.

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Th' adapted look that hangs on all you tell,
The science not unwise, to trifle well.
Sweet Wildness, Pride that wins while it alarms,
And Folly that beguiles, and Whim that charms.

Well too she knows soft converse to sustain,
To mix the blithe and monitory strain;
The sally no grave maxim can withstand,
The praise of a pretended reprimand;—
To touch with sentiment, with wit amuse,
In happy contrast; like those meeting hues,
When, at the distant sunset, we behold
Earth end in sapphire, air begin in gold.

Would Woman govern tyrants? she concedes
In slight concerns, and hence in weighty, leads.

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Opposes first, to make surrender prized,
And while she gives advice, appears advised.
She rallies men, not flatters, when they rave,
And comes a laughing suppliant, not a grave.

Thus too, her Beauty to her empire tends,
And heaven that Beauty gave for moral ends;
Since, tho' itself no virtue, it can aid
The cause of virtue to the pleading maid;
While Wisdom by the pretty lip exprest,
Delights us most, and so persuades us best.
Even from these outward charms, our souls acquire
Responsive graces, and to please aspire;
For some high purpose feel such beauties given,
And turn (O small remove!) from them to heaven.

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Fresh, and till now unseeing and unseen,
How blithe the nymph of innocent fifteen.
Her form but just unfolded, not a wile
Yet practised, heartfelt every native smile.
How shine her lips, unbruised by man's embrace!
What visions of sweet blushes haunt her face!
How her new bosom heaves without a sigh!
How the moist sparkle dances in her eye!
And light she trips, and with Arcadian air,
Shakes from her forehead her unshackled hair;
And flusht at praises whispered in her ears,
To her the world a paradise appears.
O unsuspecting youth! O heedless joy!
O wild illusions, yet too short to cloy!

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Why must time come, when Discontent shall lay
Its heavy finger on a heart so gay?
When from the withered cheek the roses fall,
And sunny eyes are overclouded all;
When age succeeds, with love no more beguiled,
The lordly husband, the rebellious child;
And slow disease without one hope to save,
Last, death unmourned, and some forgotten grave.
Snatch then, engaging girl, while yet you can,
Your term of frolic from mistrusted man.
Soon whitest clouds, and edged with earliest ray
Of florid morn, scowl down and blacken day!
But add three summers, how those charms allure,
So panting ripe, so maidenly demure.

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Fair shines her bust; the forehead raised serene,
The lips, with just a breathing line between;
The neck, in posture as of audience, placed,
The parted marble and indented waist;
Whence swell the gradual limbs, as they descend
Luxuriant, and in taper sculpture end.

But touch this statue into starting life,
Blend colours there that make harmonious strife;
Let Nature with bright pencil, flying down,
Paint her cheek crimson and her tresses brown;
Or give narcissine curls, and in her face
Mix lilies with a more empurpled grace;
Or adding ebon ringlets, on her glow
The tempered spirit of the olive throw:—

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Yet still, howe'er she varies, whether viewed
Or in the dimpling or the musing mood;
By sun or crescent, at the mazy dance,
Or motionless in monumental trance;
Or running over plains, as, shot from skies,
A gleam of radiance over ocean flies;
Still all is lovely. This embellished earth,
When leaf and flowret spring to vernal birth;
Dale, water, wood, the mountain and the spire,
When Morning paints them with her dewy fire;
The gliding sail, by moonlight seen afar,
The ruddy beacon and the paler star;
These pall if long beheld. But unallayed,
The sight still pauses on a beauteous maid.

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Each glance affirms her lovelier than before,
Each gazing moment asks a moment more.
Yet then must intellectual graces move
The play of features, ere we quite approve.
Yet must chaste Honor, ere those graces win,
Light up the blooming image from within!

To mar that gem, prized only while ungained,
Destroyed, the baffling moment 'tis obtained,
Man comes, a gilded snake; ensnares with wiles,
Suborns his tears and meditates his smiles.
With cities sated, hamlets he must roam,
To lure the rural nymph from modest home.
What has she done, that miscreants should betray?
Not her's the midnight dance, the rich array;

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The dream that frowns upon a rival viewed,
The golden feast with spicy fires imbued.
Her pastime is the dance at setting sun,
Her grandeur is the flaxen robe she spun.
By her own hands her milky draught is prest,
By her own frugal hands her herbs are drest.
Her smiling dream repeats the hymn she prayed.
How has she harmed, the poor unhappy maid?
In vain the miscreant, to beguile her moans,
Buys splendor, lights her locks with radiant stones:
Tho' quarried Ind on tissued Persia glares,
Cold underneath the pomp, her heart despairs.
Ye thoughtless band, the gay career who run,
Come, learn the sorrows of a maid undone.

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Even Vice may haply lean a virtuous ear,
And selfish Misery mingle half his tear.

Beneath a thatch, where eglantine embowered
The leafy porch, and honeysuckle flowered,
An humble widow lived, whose grey decline
Clung on one hope, her lovely Caroline.
The damsel, wooed by many a peasant round,
Was free as some green islet yet unfound.
A wheaten hat her tresses then controlled,
Her pastoral russet was unstained with gold.
Her airy step appeared to tread the sky,
And joy and frolic sparkled in her eye.

But fatal hour, when she, by swains unmoved,
Beheld the master of the vale, and loved.

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Long had he tempted her reserve in vain;
Till one ambrosial eve that sunned the plain,
Just on the margin, where a flitting brook
White bellbines and the thymy herbage shook;
Where a thick arbour rustled overhead,
And flowery brakes a rain of roses shed,
He found the sleeping nymph. Prophane he pressed
Her lip, till that false moment ne'er carest.
She starts alarmed, and as a wounded doe
Pours out its purple life upon the snow,
So her cheek blushes, while her humble eyes
Fear from a harebell underfoot to rise;
And her hand makes sweet pretext to repair,
The discomposed meanders of her hair.

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Need I the fiend unmask ? Enough to tell,
His treason triumphed, she believed and fell.
Blind, frantic girl ! And now from home decoyed,
She dwells with him, mid pleasures unenjoyed ;
Till hasty tidings at her door impart,
Dead is her mother of a broken heart.
Her curdled surface shudders as she hears,
Back she reels dizzily with tingling ears ;
And wild against her forehead throbs her brain,
And voiceless, she would utter shrieks in vain.
Upspringing quick, ' At least, at least,' she cries,
' I may still hover where the victim lies ;
' There unconsoled, unfriended, pine away,
' Then sleep in peace beside her hallowed clay !'

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Now the despairing wretch, without repose,
From morn till eve her journey homeward goes;
When, as her steps a cliff familiar scale,
Bursts on her filling eyes her native vale.
She pants, expands her arms, ‘ Ah, happy scene,’
Exclaiming, ‘ Ah, sweet valley, lovely green,
‘ Still ye remain the same; your woodlands still,
‘ All your white cottages, the distant mill;
‘ Its osiered brook that prattles thro’ the glade,
‘ The pleasant meadow where we danced and played;
‘ All are unaltered: I alone appear,
‘ Deformed from happier times, and hateful here!’
Now westward rocks a dusky glitter make,
And lengthened shadows shadows overtake.

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A parting carol larks and throstles sing,
Brown hands aside the heated sickle fling.
Now winnowing girls, with chaffy fragments strewn,
The kerchief change and tighten aprons soon;
Then, scattered by their chasing lovers, run,
In merry tumult to the pipe begun.
And now while sports o'erspread the ringing green,
A form of wildered aspect, sudden seen,
Stands in the midst. All pausing, gather round,
And silent gaze. The tabors cease to sound.
'Yes, ye may well,' the sobbing figure cries,
'Well may ye frown with those repulsive eyes.
'Yet pity one, less vicious than deceived,
'Who vows of marriage, ere she fell, believed.

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'Without a parent, friend, or virtuous home,

'Protect me, leave me not forlorn to roam.

'No plaintive suppliant for your bread am I;

'Oh! let me only near my mother die!

'Not now those wonted smiles ye fondly gave,

'Not now from lovers sweet discourse I crave;

'Not now to lead your rural games along,

'Queen of the dance and despot of the song;—

'One shed is all, oh, just one wretched shed,

'To lay my weary limbs and aching head.

'Even this deny, so still your awful frowns,

'Drive me not hence to seek abandoned towns;

'So still ye grant me, houseless and forlorn,

'To linger here and by my parent mourn!'

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She paused, expecting answer. None replied.

'And have ye children, have ye hearts?' she cried.

'Save me now, mothers, and from future harms,

'May heaven preserve the babies in your arms!

'See, to you, maids, I bend on abject knee;

'Youths, even to you, who bent before to me.

'O my companions! by our childish days,

'By dear remembrance of our simple plays;

'By all our former bonds, your parents move;

'By sacred friendship, Oh by tender love!

'Oft when ye trespassed, I for pardon prayed;

'Oft on myself your little mischiefs laid.

'To whom ran sobbing every truant child?

'By whom were angry lovers reconciled?

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'Still silent? What! no hope, no refuge here?
'No common mercy? What! not even a tear?
'Go then, sublime in heartless virtue live;
'Plead not for me, vile culprit, nor forgive.
'Go; yet the culprit, by her God forgiven,
'May plead for you before the throne of heaven!
'O native groves, O long-remembered bowers,
'Ye hills all sunshine and ye vales all flowers;
'Home, where no more, consoling friends I see,
'Beloved and lost abode, farewell to thee!'

Dropt are her nerveless arms, unbound her hair,
And her last look is placid with despair.
But turning to depart, behind she hears
Wild struggles, and a piteous burst of tears.

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'Speak!' she conjures, 'ere yet to frenzy driven,
'Tell me who weeps? what angel sent from heaven?'
'I, I your friend!' exclaims, with flushing charms,
'A breathless girl, and darts into her arms.
'O, I am Ellen still! your other heart,
'Your favorite Ellen! No, we must not part;
'No, never! Come, and in our cottage live;
'Come, for she shall—my mother shall forgive!
'O my own darling come, and unreproved,
'Here round this heart hang loving and beloved,
'Here round this constant heart!' Still Ellen spoke,
Still fondled, till her sire th' embraces broke.
Borne in his arms, she wept, entreated, raved,
Then fainted, while a mute farewell she waved.

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But the lone outcast miserably smiles,

With vacant meekness, as the sire reviles;

Then slow recedes; and moody, pauses now,

And gnaws her tresses and contracts her brow;

While gasps, which leap convulsive from her breast,

She strangles 'twixt her quivering lips comprest.

Shockt by her aspect, matrons, harsh no more,

Pursue her steps and her return implore.

Soon a poor maniac, innocent of ill,

She wanders unconfined her native hill;

On brooks and cresses fares, and all alone,

Chaunts hasty snatches of harmonious moan.

When moonlight kindles up the grass, with showers

Sown thick, and glistens cold on sleeping flowers,

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She gathers honeysuckle down the dells,
Or rifles fonts of daffodils and bells;
With dewy finger, painted by the leaves,
A coronet of roses interweaves;
Then steals unheard, and gliding thro' the yews,
The garland o'er her shrouded mother strews;
While matrons tell, how fairies, nightly seen,
Dance roundelays aslant that cowslipt green.
Even when the flaky drizzle white descends,
And all things in one scowling paleness blends,
That spot, at dawn, appears above the snows:
That verdant spot the little robin knows;
And certain still to find the sleet removed,
Alights and chirps upon the turf beloved.

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Such her employ: her prayer was there to die.
One wintry morn, some rustics, straggling nigh,
Found the pale ruin, life for ever flown,
With downward forehead resting on its stone.
Unfinished lay the votive wreath of yew,
And her lank locks were stiff with frozen dew.
Poor Ellen hymned her requiem. Willows pine
Around her grave. In peace sleep Caroline.

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WOMAN.

PART III.

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CONTENTS OF PART III.

LOVE invests Woman with her chief influence over us.... Power of this passion to correct our morals and refine our minds.... Its symptoms as exhibited in each sex.... Courtship.... Hopeless passion.... Episode of Connal and Ella .... The first confession of Love.... Elegy on a young Lady .... Mutual indifference and metropolitan dissipation the principal causes of unhappy marriages.... Domestic sketches in rural retirement.... Character of a good wife..... Conclusion.

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WOMAN.

PART III.

BUT Love, divine result of all those charms,
Weak Woman with supreme dominion arms.
How shall my voice invoke, while Love I sing?
What muse Parnassian? what Castalian spring?
What Orphean lyre? Ah, these are idle dreams!
Not these informed my young and simple themes.

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No, Woman gave me Verse; the human mind
Invented Verse to move dear Womankind.
Did ever virgin poet disregard?
Was ever fervent lover feeble bard?
Then, gentle maid, my pain, my solace long,
Come, and with whispered words inspire my song.
My song inspired, O then with smiles approve,
Nor what you deign to Verse, deny to Love.

As when white torrents down some mountain roar,
Drag crashing rocks along and shake the shore,
Caught in the hollow of a flowery land,
The silent floods into a lake expand;
Groves warble near, and on the surface bound
Unruffled pictures of the fawns around;

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So the rude nature, that refinement scorned,
By gentle love is softened and adorned.
The godlike structure of imperial man
Kneels suppliant; tears arrest what sighs began.
The bad reform, and Pedants, harsh erewhile,
Trim their redundant locks and dare to smile.
Then Grief forgets, even aching Age enjoys
Short respite; Wit is grave and Wisdom toys.
Ambition leaves a favorite war unwaged,
And Anger wonders he was e'er enraged.
What will not man, if ardent Love inspire?
Home he forsakes, and ease, and wealthy sire.
To gain his nymph even empire he foregoes,
Hearth-happy monarch of the cot and rose.

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Give him a brook, he yields superfluous Nile,
And crowns are baubles parted for a smile.
Then how he sees conspicuous in her face,
All earthly charms, and more than human grace!
Her trifling whim is his important law;
In her 'tis wisdom to discuss a straw.
The goblet moistened at her lip, he drains;
Snatcht from her curl, one precious hair retains;
Hoards up her words, unuttered wants supplies,
Intelligent to learn her asking eyes.
Else jealous, and on vengeful project bound,
He seeks her absent, to neglect her found.
Such symptoms his. But if the maiden feel,
She shews her love by struggling to conceal.

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By forced discourse till irksome men depart,
By musing interval and waking start;
Abstracted answers, sudden feints of glee,
And stedfast looks unconscious that they see.
Much ease she summons, when himself retires;
Affects to mock him, to defend him, fires.
Her shunning eyes his glad return proclaim,
And her cheek kindles at his magic name.
Ah, cold are those who banter or reprove,
Th' enchanting trivialities of love!
The smile, the pout, capricious, fond delays;
The sudden turn of the detected gaze.
The captive finger, prest as 'twere by chance,
And unwithdrawn, as 'twere from absent trance.

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Lips saying no, while eyes acquaint you may;

Sweet admonitions after willing play.

Wiles, which can even before a mother woo;

The mother made a witless agent too.

Arch Anger, that so prettily can take

Offence, for kissing reconcilement's sake.

Wild vows, mad menaces, demure replies;

Then all the tender discontent of sighs.

Romantic treaties sworn, to gaze, when far,

Each spangled midnight, on a mutual star;

And the long look, at parting backward cast,

The hopeless look—perhaps for hours the last!

Thus meekly kind, thus amorously coy,

Play courted maids; such courtship youths employ.

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To them these nothings are momentous things,
And more to them than diadems to kings.
There is a pain that timid hearts endure,
There is a feeling, Oh, how softly pure!
There is a silent care, far, far above
Faint language—tis the care of secret Love.
There is a language by the virgin made,
Not read but felt, not uttered but betrayed:
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows,
In one short glance whole volumes it avows;
In one short moment tells of many days,
In one short speaking silence all conveys.

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Joy, sorrow, love recounts, hope, pity, fear,
And looks a sigh and weeps without a tear.
O tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind,
Were eyes melodious, and could music play,
From flowers struck newly by the morning ray,
Such tender music from that glance might rise,
And angels own the language of the skies!

Ill fares her heart, by secret passion moved,
When glances answer she must love unloved.
She cannot kneel, like slighted youths, and woo,
She cannot storm, complain, implore, pursue;
Nor rush for solace, to voluptuous charms,
Nor exercise the chase, nor gird on arms;

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Nor wave the boistrous goblet, till around
Its frothed horizon the red surges bound—
Far from delights she flies, condemned to know
The double pang of unimparted woe.
Hope, with fond treason, nourishing her care,
Repels the friendly torpor of despair.
Some casual look, some gesture undesigned,
Her anxious sophistry still construes kind.
Till heartsick, listless, tearless, day by day,
Her bloom extinct, she pants in slow decay.
The silent mother, inly guessing all,
Bends o'er her, and anticipates her pall:
And her last moments hoping still to cheer,
Feigns how her loved one hovers sadly near.

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The seeming dupe, to recompense the wile,
Long happy days foretells, exerts a smile,—
A piteous smile of desolate repose,
Like a pale moonbeam on a blighted rose;—
And gasps out 'better,' with that parting breath,
Which cold against her parent, tells her death.

Less sad, because more sympathetic, prove
The woes that oft embitter mutual love.

White on a cliff, (where Erin westward runs,
And gilds her rocks against Atlantic suns—
Isle of the triple leaf, from serpent free;)
A perching hamlet overhung the sea.
There Connal sportive hours with Ella led,
And long betrothed, they trusted soon to wed.

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Blest interval of love! But who can say,
Tomorrow comes as joyful as today?
The sun set red, the clouds were scudding wild,
And their black fragments into masses piled;
The birds of ocean screamed, and ocean gave
A hoarser murmur and a heavier wave.
Young Connal, trolling for the scaly brood,
With slender bark was absent on the flood;
And oft the nymph, prophetic of the blast,
Across the main her wishing glances cast.
At length afar the dusky speck she spied,
Hung on a wave or shooting down its side;
When sudden, from the north, the stormy flight
Rushed prone, with bursting clouds and instant night.

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Her cries alarmed, came breathless young and old;
The bell for shipwreck in the hamlet tolled.
The tempest louder howls; along the sands
The people shout, and toss their lighted brands.
The foremost waters, where the brands illume,
Glare hideous; all beyond is solid gloom.
Now from afar, with onward peal more dread,
The pondrous thunder crashes overhead.
Earth shakes, and all the firmamental ire
Of black rain gushes, crost by ghastly fire.
The ridgy surges, shoreward as they tend,
Curl over, and a whitened mass descend;
Then break round Ella, who with clasping hands,
Half to the waist bedrencht, unconscious stands,

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In marble horror. Shrill her tresses sing,
Blown sidelong, and her robes with ocean cling.
She stands, and anchors all her aching sight,
Where the dark billow rolls into the light.
Now, now the skiff appears!—Ah, nearer tost,
Its upward keel gives signal, all is lost!
Groans and a solitary cry succeed;
They drop their torches and round Ella speed,
Plunged in the foam, imploring not to save,
Resisting help and grasping at a wave.
Years went, and still, in each nocturnal storm,
Wild thro' the whirlwind rushed her shrieking form.
One night she wandered down that fatal shore,
So shattered by the raging surge before;

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But now the little waves were softly fanned,
And printed rippling kisses on the sand.
Now too the moon ascended heaven, to crown
Its starry forehead, blue without a frown;
And in such mellow lustre steeped the maid,
Even purple roses for that hue might fade.
There, while beginning tears, like mists, arise,
And dim the broken moonbeams in her eyes,
She chaunts a dirge her shapeless fancy wrought,
When the dire wreck had wildered every thought.

'I wish I were beside my faithful love,
'And heard the billows humming high above;
'And I would chase the monsters from his form,
'And clasp his chilly heart while mine was warm.

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'And when our bones were scattered far away,

'Our floating hearts would still together stay;

'For round about them pearled shells would cling,

'And coral knot them with a flowery string.

'And then our spirits, where true lovers go,

'Would gaze together on our hearts below.

'I sicken when the rising sun I see,

'I hate kind faces, tho' they pity me;

'I tire of vales around, and skies above.

'I wish I were beside my faithful love!'

'Turn, for beside thy faithful love thou art!'

A voice exclaimed, that rang upon her heart:—

The voice of Connal! Lost in sweet alarms,

And senseless struck, she dropped into his arms.

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He called her precious name, her bosom fanned,
Now heaped the waters in his hollow hand;
Now her wet forehead chafed. The living glow
Came, as a crimson sunbeam breaks on snow.
She waked, and while around him wildly wreathed,
Caressed and looked, and sobbing welcome breathed;
And interposed quick questions, as the past,
Twixt lengthened kisses, he recounted fast.
How, breasting the tempestuous surge, he cheered
A small American, by pirates steered;
Then capture, toil, escape, betrayed disguise—
But stops in pity to her weeping eyes;
That tremulous with watry lustre, fill,
While waits her gathered breath each coming ill.

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She dries those tears, again to view his face,
Nor feels her tresses strained by his embrace.
'Thus let me live!' is his extatic cry;
'And thus,' she softly whispers, 'let me die!'
I hate the man, at amorous pangs alarmed,
Who thanks his planets for a heart unharmed.
Far better cultivate the love that glows,
Than batten palę on unendeared repose.
Better oft lose than never win a maid;
Better than never trust, be oft betrayed.
Her baffling laugh, and pointing finger, well
Are risked for tales her crimson kisses tell.
O after long suspense and pining care,
And morns of hope and midnights of despair,

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To hear the half-demurring girl remove
All torments, with two golden words—I love!
Methinks I see her, at that matchless hour,
Beside her youth in some sequestered bower,
Where birds have nests, where myrtles interwreathe,
Where odorous roses into roses breathe,
And two transparent brooks unite their tide,
And mix their murmur, never to divide.
Blest moment! doubly blest by former pain:
That moment Mary gave, but gave in vain.
Sweet Sister! beautiful and good and young,
Implored by suitors and by poets sung,
Thee pale decay consumed; consumed thee now,
Just as thy parents hoped thy nuptial vow;

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Just as thy tongue the soft assent declared,
Just as thou sawest thy bridal robe prepared;
Nor Love could save thee, dear domestic boast,
Nor he who called so long thy parted ghost.
Yet if that spirit may behold from high,
The sacred frailty of a sorrowing eye,
O Mary, O my sister, this this tear,
Accept, and love me still in heaven as here!
A little pause, my song, a fond delay,
A holy pause, to wipe that tear away.
Tis want of love most curses nuptial beds.
One for an heir, for gold another weds.
This seeks a partner of armorial race;
That laughs at mind, and purchases a face.

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Here, irksome Solitude to marriage moves;
There, many a youth, refused by her he loves,
Asks her he hates; else some unsuited chance,
Seen but by tapers, known but at the dance.
When Wedlock blesses, life has small alloy;
When Wedlock curses, tis without a joy.

Still more in towns, where gorgeous throngs invade
The liveried door, is marriage wretched made.
Vain roofs have cheerless hearths. Then, Muse, remove
To rural homes, and sing their virtuous love.

Light specks of fleecy gold enflame the skies,
The grass with liquid stars o'ersparkled lies;
The mist rolls off in eddies, smokes begin
From opening cots, and all is stir within.

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The pastoral family due task prepare,
For whetted scythe, the milkpail and the share;
And haste where lark and zephyr, rill and bee,
Mix harmless their primeval minstrelsy.
One damsel chuckles shrill; her cackling train
Run with spread pinions and dispute the grain.
Another up her rested pitcher heaves,
Encamps small heaps of hay, or girdles sheaves;
Else spinning, pats her busy foot, and trills
Some dittied plaint about a love that kills.
The laden wife meantime to market goes,
Or underneath the hawthorn knits her hose;
Or lays moist kerchiefs on the sunny grass,
Or checks her pottage billowing o'er the brass;

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While clattered plates, and roots in hurry peeled,
Announce her good man trudging from the field.
But when the sun upon round ocean floats,
When breezes ebb, and penned are tinkling cotes,
All gather blithe; the dance some maiden leads,
Some shepherd pipes upon his row of reeds,
Till the last crimson banner fades in air:—
Then sly he dallies for his homeward fair;
And says, and swearing says, with many a sigh,
That she must be humane or he must die.
Neat hands have deftly trimmed her cot today:
There stands a cupboard opened for display;
A table there, whose oaken mirror shews
The face imbrowned; there maple plates in rows,

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And woodbine shades her dresser, where a sun
Of brass is shining; nought remains undone:
And humble prints of scripture bless the room,
And stuck o'er each appears a pious bloom.

Now they replenish pleasant cups, and tell
The rural news—how he from ladder fell,
How she from hayrick;—merry gossip past,
Come dreams, and each outwondered by the lats.
Then tales of ghost authentic, then the noise
Of hoodwinked damsel chasing nimble boys;
And when to sit the rustic would essay,
His treachrous mistress slips his bench away.
She flies and hides; he follows, not remiss
To satiate that revenge of love—a kiss.

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At the dear outrage, beautifully fought,
(For battled kisses still make kisses sought,)
She whispers shrieks, sighs angry words, and feigns
A struggle yielded soon, and pleased complains.
Implored to passion, vows her heart is free;
He raves, and threatens flight, and praises sea.
Ah, then she owns, how he alone of all—
But starts off sudden, to her mother's call;
Adjusts her ruffled ringlets at the door,
And her warm lips are ruddier than before.

Yet cares as tender actuate Womankind,
In rural homes, where manners are refined.
Now while the husband o'er his furrow stands,
Or earthy spade and dewy scythe commands;

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Or shears his future frieze, the housewife holds
Maternal audience, and the task unfolds.
One the plain sampler letters, one essays
Small syllables, or taught Our Father, prays.
New frocks upon a sparkling girl she tries,
While studious faces peep with idle eyes.
Now figured slates she praises, now reproves
Pens inexpert, and Emulation moves;
Or teaches maps, shews England in the sea,
Or rolls her world of spheric mimicry.
Then simple lecture adds—who made the sky;
How to live happy, happy how to die.
At eve all wander forth. The youngest pride,
Held fast, and tripping by the mother's side,

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With smaller steps and hastier than her own,
Looks urgent up and prays to run alone.
While some chase butterflies, or prank with thorn,
Proud bonnets, or admonished shun the horn;
Or nod at rippling faces in the lakes,
One her apt pencil near some ruin takes;
And sketches vales, where shining rivers wind,
Blue mountains, and the crimson sky behind.
Not far a group of rustic postures stand,
And an old oak grotesque o'erhangs her hand.
But when returned, the blooming household meet,
The childish prank, the dance of infant feet,
Plain meal and artless story wing the time,
And golden volumes of immortal rhime;

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Or vocal song, while caged thrushes cheer,
And thrill their feathers. Such the moments here.
Nor Envy here her writhing serpent gnaws,
And Candour executes unwritten laws.

These are the duties Woman best maintains;
By these dominion unusurped she gains.
Hence to maternal home is virtue given;
Hence earth with wafted angels peoples heaven.
Thus England triumphs. Empires are secure,
While men continue free and women pure.

Oh, give me, heaven, to sweeten latter life,
And mend my wayward heart, a tender wife;
Who soothes me, tho' herself with anguish wrung,
Nor renders ill for ill, nor tongue for tongue.

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Sways by persuasion, kisses off my frown,
And reigns unarmed, a queen without a crown.
Alike, to please me, her accomplished hand
The harp and homely needle can command;
And learning with such grace her tongue applies,
Her solemn maxims wear a gay disguise.
Neat for my presence, as if princes came,
And modest, even to me, with bridal shame;
A friend or playmate, as my wishes call,
A ready nurse, tho' summoned from a ball,
She holds in age, that conquest youth achieved,
Loves without pomp and pleases unperceived.
Such be my lot Then, boistrous ocean past,
My bark shall enter gliding streams at last.

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Then, as a village, tinged with evening gold,
And calm with sheltered spire and smoke uprolled,
Repose to some lost traveller commends,
As down the drizzling mountain slow he wends;
So tranquil Wedlock shall withdraw my mind,
From all the toiling cares of worn mankind.

And O, when death dissolves that holy chain,
When Love forsakes my heart and Verse my brain;
When haply, not unpleased how nymphs I sing,
Fair fingers strew my turf with purple spring;
May the dear mistress whom below I love,
Rejoin me in the starry bowers above.
There where deserving wives, who sorrow here
No more shall tremble at the spouse austere.

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There where the pairs whom fate asunder tore,
Shall mix ambrosial breaths and part no more
Youths whom the sires of tender virgins scorn
And maids who die before the nuptial morn;
Or o'er the grave of some true lover, shed
The tear that else had graced his bridal bed.

END.

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OCCASIONAL POEMS.

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OCCASIONAL POEMS.

SONG.

HASTE, my love, and come away;
What is folly? what is sorrow?
Tis to turn from joy today,
Tis to wait for care tomorrow.

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By yon river,

Aspens shiver;

Thus I tremble at delay.

Light discovers

Simple lovers;

See the stars, with sharpened ray,

Flocking thicker,

Glancing quicker;

Haste, my love, and come away.

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FANNY.

SAY, Fanny, why has equal heaven,
In every bounty good and wise,
Perfection to your features given?
Enchantment to your witching eyes?

Was it that mortal man might view,
These charms at distance, and adore?
Ah, no! the man who would not woo,
Were less than mortal, or were more.

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The mossy rose, by humming bee,
And painted butterfly carest,
We leave not fading on the tree,
But snatch it to the happy breast.

There unsurpassed in sweets it dwells—
Unless the bosom be your own;
There blooming, every bloom excels—
Except your tender blush alone.

O Fanny, life is on the wing,
And years, like rivers, glide away;
Tomorrow may misfortune bring,
Then, lovely girl, enjoy today.

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Nor thus, before the kiss I sip,
Start bashful from these ardent arms;
As if afraid my printing lip,
Might rob your printed lip of charms.

For feet impair not, tho' they tread,
The blooming primrose.—Fanny smiled.
Come then, the meadow flowers, she said,
Come, press the primrose blooming wild.

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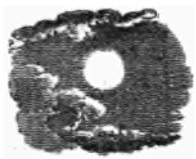
SONNET,

TO THE MOON.



NOW while the birds within their feathers hide
The nestled head, thy visit, Moon, renew;
Let thy pale spirit thro' the foliage glide,
And flowering thorns illuminate with dew.
To thee the Nightingale her pipe shall play,
And thus my pen shall moralize her lay.

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The gorgeous Sun ten thousand warblers sing,

One solitary bird the Moon below.

Thus for the Great what choral Pæans ring!

Thus for the Good what scanty praises flow!

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SONNET.

THE BUTTERFLY.

WHERE flowrets hung reflected o'er the brook,
A harmless Butterfly my path beset;
Itself a flying flower, and pinions shook,
Of starry gold, and azure edged with jet.

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Abrupt I caught it, and a pinion tore.

The mangled thing into a lily fell;

Nor all my nurture could its soul restore,

Nor all the dewy odours of the bell.

It died within the flower it loved so well.

Thus nymphs, untreasured of fair virtue, lie

Forlorn amid their native vales, and die.

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THE FAREWELL.

GO, gentle Muse, tis near the gloomy day
Of parting—go, and bid farewell for me;
Farewell to her who once endured thy lay,
Since hence she hastens far—Ah, hard decree!

Tell her I feel, at that portentous hour,
Not waves alone will heave in tumult high;
Not skies alone will rain a gushing shower,
Not winds alone will breathe a plaintive sigh.

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Say, that her influence flies not with her form,
That distant, she will still engage my mind;
That suns are most remote when most they warm,
That flying Parthians scatter darts behind.

Long will I gaze upon her vacant home,
As the bird lingers near its pilfered nest;
Still murmur, There she read the studious tome,
There sported, there her happy pet caressed.

There, as she sat at each accomplished art,
I saw her form inclined with Sapphic grace;
Her looks, her movements, simple from the heart,
And all the unbought treasures of her face.

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That open forehead parting clusteredhair,
That cheek of peachy tinct, that slender brow;
The sportive archness, and the musing air,
So magical, they charmed I knew not how.

Light were her footsteps, as the silent flakes
Of falling snow; her smiles, elate as morn;
Her dimple, like the print a berry makes,
In glassy brook, when dropping from the thorn.

To catch her accents, as afar she spoke,
To see her graceful hand (that future prize!)
Fling back a ringlet, oft I dared provoke
The gentle vengeance of averted eyes.

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Yet ah, what wonder, if, when conscious awe
Withheld me from approach, I broke my chain?
Or, when I made a single glance my law,
What wonder if that law were made in vain?

And can no charm but sweet discourse enthrall?
Tho' ne'er for me those speaking features moved;
The valley, silent save where echoes call,
When long beheld, eternally is loved.

That spot, the shelter of our early years,
That spot, where shrouded friends and kindred lie;
Still for that spot we shed remembering tears,
Still to that distant spot return and die.

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Go then, my Muse, before the parting day,
Long dreaded—go, and bid farewell for me;
Farewell to her who once endured thy lay,
Whate'er engage her, whereso'er she be.

If slumbering, tell her in my dreams she sways,
If speaking, tell her in my words she glows;
If thoughtful, tell her in my thoughts she strays,
If tuneful, tell her in my song she flows.

Confess that soon my dreams will wander wild,
That soon my words will intermingle moans;
That soon my thoughts will languish unbeguiled,
That soon my song will wake lamenting tones.

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Then, in romantic moments, I will frame
Some scene ideal, where we meet at last;
Where, rescued by myself from surge or flame,
She smiles reward and talks of all the past.

Now to the rural lark she hastes away.
Ah! could the bard some winged warbler be;
Following her form, no longer would he say,
Go, gentle Muse, and bid farewell for me.

END.

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